

# OUR DUMB Animals

STATE LIBRARY OF MASSACHUSETTS

AUG 9 1957

STATE HOUSE, BOSTON

F  
For  
Vol. 90



"NOW I WONDER WHO'S CALLING!"

Photo, Ruth Oliver



Editor—WILLIAM A. SWALLOW  
 Assistant Editor—HELEN CORL FOLEY  
 Circulation Mgr.—MARY C. RICHARDS

#### SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Per year—\$1.50. Postage free to any part of the world. In clubs of five or more subscriptions, \$1.00 each, plus \$.25 postage for Canadian, and \$.50 postage for all other foreign subscriptions. Single copies, \$.15. Make checks payable to Our Dumb Animals.

**MANUSCRIPTS** relating to animals, particularly prose articles of from 300-400 words are solicited. Articles of more than 600 words cannot be accepted. Such articles may include any subject, except cruel sports or captivity, dealing with animals, especially those with humane import. Human interest and current event items are particularly needed. Also acceptable are manuscripts dealing with oddities of animal life and natural history. All items should be accompanied by good illustrations whenever possible. Fiction is seldom used.

**PHOTOGRAPHS** should be sharp, depicting either domestic or wild animals in their natural surroundings. Pictures that tell a story are most desirable.

**VERSE** about animals should be short. We suggest from four to twelve lines.

#### IMPORTANT

All manuscripts should be neatly typewritten, double spaced and each article on a separate sheet.

No manuscript will be acknowledged or returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Payment on acceptance at the rate of one-half cent a word for articles; one dollar and up for photographs and drawings; one dollar and up for acceptable verse. No remuneration for material used on Children's Pages except by arrangement.

Published monthly by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals at 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Massachusetts. Second-Class mail privileges authorized at Boston, Massachusetts, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized July 13, 1919.

# Animals

VOLUME 90 — No. 8

AUGUST, 1957

Founded by Geo. T. Angell, President, 1868 - 1909

Dr. Francis H. Rowley, President, 1910 - 1945

PUBLISHED BY THE

MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS  
 AND  
 AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY

★

#### Officers

DR. ERIC H. HANSEN, President  
 WILLIAM A. SWALLOW, Secretary  
 WILLIAM H. POTTER, JR., Treasurer—Senior Vice-Pres., First Boston Corp.  
 EUNICE C. PICKETT, Asst. Treasurer

★

ALBERT A. POLLARD, Director of Education  
 GERRY B. SCHNELLE, V.M.D., Director of Veterinary Medicine  
 PEABODY, BROWN, ROWLEY & STOREY, Counsel

★

#### Trustee of Permanent Funds — Old Colony Trust Company INVESTMENT ADVISORY COMMITTEE

LLOYD D. BRACE, President, First National Bank of Boston  
 WILLIAM H. POTTER, JR., Senior Vice-President, First Boston Corp.  
 GEORGE F. BENNETT, Vice-President, State Street Investment Corp.

★

J. ROBERT SMITH Asst. to the President	JOSEPH P. MOONEY Nat'l. Field Secretary	MARGARET J. KEARNS Administrative Ass't.	JOHN C. MACFARLANE Dir. Livestock Conservation
LESTER A. GILES, JR. Dir. Wild-Life Conservation	DONALD H. HANSEN Field Secretary	J. ROBERT McLANE Dir. Public Relations	

#### Massachusetts S. P. C. A.

Prosecuting Officers in Boston  
 Tel. (complaints, ambulances) LONGWOOD 6-6100  
 HERMAN N. DEAN, Chief Officer  
 GERALD E. GRIFFIN, CARL BRAGNER  
 HERBERT CASSIE  
 Middlesex, Norfolk & Suffolk Counties

#### American Humane Education Society

ALBERT A. POLLARD, Director of Education  
 Educational Staff  
 Mrs. Edward Bidwell, Gordon Johnston

★

County Prosecuting Officers  
 JOHN T. BROWN, Wenham, Essex  
 HARRY C. SMITH, Worcester, Worcester, Hampden, Hampshire, Franklin  
 CHARLES E. BROWN, New Bedford, Bristol and Plymouth  
 HAROLD G. ANDREWS, Hyannis, Barnstable  
 T. KING HASWELL, Pittsfield, Berkshire, Hampden, Hampshire and Franklin

#### Nevis Farm for Horses and Small Animal Shelter Methuen

JOSEPH E. HASWELL, Superintendent

#### Other Small Animal Shelters of M. S. P. C. A.

Boston, 180 Longwood Avenue  
 Boston, 109 Northampton Street  
 Springfield, 53-57 Bliss Street  
 Pittsfield, 224 Cheshire Road  
 Hyannis, State Road Rte. 28, Centerville  
 Wenham, Cherry Street  
 Brockton, 226 Pearl Street  
 Martha's Vineyard, Edgartown  
 Nantucket, Atlantic Avenue

#### Branches and Auxiliaries

Northampton Branch of Mass. S. P. C. A. — CARROLL A. DOLAN, Pres.; MRS. HUGH TATLOCK, Sec.

Martha's Vineyard Branch of Mass. S. P. C. A.—FOOTE Memorial — MISS KATHARINE CORNELL, Chairman.

Winchester Branch Auxiliary—MRS. FRED CARDIN, Pres.; MRS. JOHN H. CLARKE, Treas.

#### Angell Memorial Animal Hospital and Dispensary for Animals

180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.  
 Tel. LONGWOOD 6-6100

#### Veterinarians

GERRY B. SCHNELLE, V.M.D., Chief of Staff  
 C. LAWRENCE BLAKELY, V.M.D., Dir. of Surgery  
 TODD O. MUNSON, V.M.D.  
 RUDOLPH H. SCHNEIDER, V.M.D.  
 HANS MEIER, D.V.M., Acting Pathologist  
 ELIZABETH A. FORTUNE, V.M.D.  
 JEAN HOLZWORTH, D.V.M.  
 MARGARET L. PETRAK, V.M.D.  
 ROBERT C. GRIFFITHS, D.V.M.

#### Rowley Memorial Hospital and Shelter, Springfield Telephone 4-7333

53-57 Bliss Street, Springfield, Mass.  
 JAMES V. LEYDEN, Office Manager

#### Veterinarians

ALEX R. EVANS, V.M.D., Chief of Staff  
 WILLIAM E. ROY, D.V.M.  
 JOSEPH M. STOYAK, V.M.D.  
 CLYDE L. SHOUSE, D.V.M.  
 RONALD G. NORTH, D.V.M.

#### Northampton Street Animal Clinic

RUDOLPH H. SCHNEIDER, V.M.D., Veterinarian in Charge

Martha's Vineyard & Nantucket Clinics & Shelters  
 WILLIAM A. WILCOX, D.V.M., Veterinarian in Charge

---

---

## *The Lust to Kill*

**W**E have, in Boston, a section known as the Fenway that has a small river, and here, almost any day of the year, may be seen the wild duck rippling the water with his breast. He is seldom alone, for with him move his companions or his brown lady, and, in the summer, a sturdy fleet of ducklings follow in their mother's wake. They are a graceful and harmless bird, on the water and in the air.

These creatures have their *natural* enemies—the young birds know by instinct to be especially wary of the muskrats, which live in the same stream. But, how can they—these trusting creatures—learn to fear destruction by *man*?

And yet, even here in the precincts of our parks, there is the impulse to kill.

We saw two men walking by this river in the Fenway. Overhead there passed with steady beat of wings, three ducks in arrow formation. Immediately, one man aimed as if to shoot.

"Oh, for a gun!" he exclaimed in disappointment. "Oh, for a gun!"

When neither the appreciation of beauty nor compassion can influence these ambitious Nimrods, in what then lies our hope?

*In humane education—generation after generation.*

E. H. H.

---

---

# It's Smart to Have an Educated Dog

By Lovell Sherrod

"I'll never have another dog," flatly stated my exasperated neighbor as she removed a torn and mangled sport shirt from the line.

"I'll never have another dog that isn't educated," I replied as I gave the "Heel" command to our cocker and he obediently trotted at my left side, slightly in the rear, as we started home.

I know what my neighbor meant when she flatly stated no more dogs could be brought to share their home. An untrained dog can be an expense, a care, and very little pleasure to himself or to anyone else. I have had both kinds and I speak from experience.

Before Smokey went to school he was the most impish, audacious, spoiled precocious pup imaginable. He was on the couch, on the bed, and even on the table if we didn't watch him. I was about to give up in despair when I learned of an available Obedience Training course, and that for a nominal sum I could take Smokey to school.

I must admit I got very little encouragement from my long suffering family.

"He's too dumb, he'll never learn," said Bill.

"It's all right with me if that's the way you want to spend your money," said Tommy.

"My comment is no comment," said Bob, my husband.

Before Smokey could be enrolled he

had to have distemper and rabbies shots. I also had him professionally shampooed and trimmed as I wanted him to make a good appearance.

So Smokey and I enrolled in a ten weeks course in Obedience Training. Smokey was classified in the small dog group and he and the dozen other poochies were experiencing their first day of school and it was as full of terror to them as it had ever been for an over protected child. But we made it and the next few weeks showed many signs of improvement.

Being a spoiled and pampered pup, Smokey always had his evening meal at four o'clock. As our lesson was at seven, I fed him as usual, and he disgraced me. I felt a little better however, when I had cleaned up and realized that some of the other doggies had accidents too. This was due not only to the wrong hour of feeding, but to nervousness and fright. After that, Smokey ate and drank his fill, after we got home.

The first thing we had to learn was the proper use of choke collar and leash. As Smokey had never come in contact with either before, the fight was on. But when he realized I meant business, he resigned himself to his fate.

The first lesson was followed by many others, each less difficult than the last. He learned to sit, to stay, to heel, to stand for examination, to come when called, and to lie down and stay, until given the order to get up.

Smokey even made friends at school.

He learned to like the instructor and would willingly mind at his command. But he never did overcome his dislike for "Otto" the little dachshund who sat next to him in line. Smokey would sit quietly until Otto stretched his little neck and pointed his little nose in his direction, then Smokey would very quietly get up and come to me. The fact that he'd be scolded and forced to return to his place had little effect, and sometimes we'd repeat this routine many times.

Although Smokey never learned to like Otto, he finally learned to tolerate him, and would sit by his side and meet and pass him in walking sessions, without too much trouble.

A class in Obedience Training is most interesting to watch and is an experience every dog lover should have, even if he doesn't have an animal in the class. It's refreshing to see how the little fellows respond to the praise of their handlers, and what a word of encouragement and a pat on the head will do. After learning what is expected of them, they strive hard to please, and if properly handled and praised, the results are astonishing.

I began to have hopes that he would really graduate with the class. What a great day it was when we sent our invitations to our friends, dog lovers of course, to come to the exercises. My family went, too, albeit with tongue in cheek. I felt well paid for the long hours, when Smokey received his diploma. It's smart to have an educated dog.



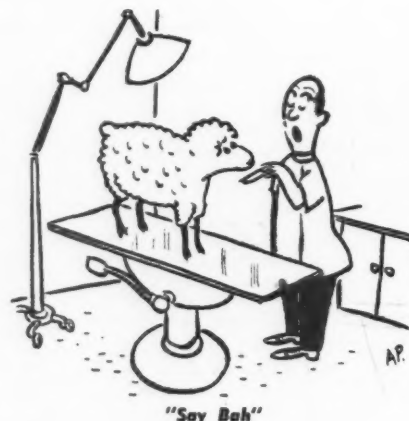
"Ma, can Willie spend the night with me?"

## Serenade

By Barbara Sharrett

*The frog in the brook croaks out his song  
A solemn old tune heard all night long.  
In meadows and hedges rabbits creep  
To grassy warm beds and go to sleep.  
And up in the trees in small snug nests  
The birds rest their heads on downy  
breasts.*

*But under a leaf where no eyes see  
The frog sits and sings to himself and me.*



"Say Bah"

OUR DUMB ANIMALS





*The Rocky Mountain sheep father is very watchful. At the slightest alarm he leads his family over a steep and dangerous route so no enemies would follow.*

# Faithful Fathers

*By Jane Green*

**G**ENERALLY speaking *all mothers*, human and those of the wilds, tenderly care for their young. Animal fathers, however, give little—if any—attention to their offspring. However, even here, there are exceptions, and it is of these "faithful fathers" that we wish to mention.

The King of Beasts, the lion, frequently serves as baby sitter while his mate goes out for a meal.

The Rocky Mountain sheep father is very watchful. At the slightest alarm he leads his family over such a steep and dangerous route so no enemies would follow.



dangerous route that few animals would try to follow.

Coyote and raccoon fathers help build homes, feed and protect their young. Whereas the male bear never sees his cubs until they are several months of age. If he is around in time of danger the father bear becomes a dreaded foe. However, very often in times of need he is not nearby.

The beautiful jaguar, America's largest wild cat, is an unusually faithful father. He supplies food for the young, as well as for the mother. The squirrel father assists in nest building, feeding and defending the young until they are able to take care of themselves.

Perhaps the red fox is one of the most helpful and attentive mates and fathers among all animals. He ably helps in digging an underground den in which the young are born. In addition to the "bedroom den," there is another used as a storeroom.

The fox father is not permitted inside the nursery until the babies have their eyes open. During this time the mother does not leave the young, so the father is busy supplying food for her. Later, when time for their education begins he helps teach them how to secure food and avoid enemies.

With the usual run of birds, the male

seldom helps with the incubation, but does assist in feeding the mother, or standing guard while she goes out to get food. The male house wren often has two separate families, and he helps feed the young ones in both nests.

The female ostrich sits by day and the male does all of the night sitting, while the male emu does all of the sitting with no relief from the female. But the poor red phalarope father has all of the family responsibilities. The mother never comes around.

*The squirrel father assists in nest building, feeding and defending the young.*



# The Phoebe Family



*The adult flycatcher is on constant watch for flying food. You may often see her on a tree stump, on exposed twigs or branches. She sits quite motionless save for an occasional jerk of the tail.*

**By Gordon S. Smith**

**F**OR the bird-watcher it is exciting to have a nesting family in the yard. If the nest is built close to the house it is all the more thrilling. The bird-watcher is then very fortunate as he may see a continuous performance of family life. The feeding sequence, shown on this page, is of a family of Eastern Phoebe's, and they have built their home under the shelter of a porch. They belong to the class of flycatchers because they rely upon flying insects for their diet.



*With five nestlings to feed it is quite a problem to decide which is the most hungry.*



*Even the final decision may be challenged by the remaining babies.*

*While mother flashes away for more food the youngsters continue to yell.*



# Temperamental Tyrant

By Lucille Mabbott



One of those rare tranquil moments when Cokey let one of his few buddies eat from his dish.

OUR Persian cat was an impudent incorrigible from birth and for many months even shunned a name. He would answer only to "Hey, you," probably because we were always after him and invariably began our scoldings with "Hey, you, stop that. . . .!"

## What Is a Dog?

ALL the wisdom of the Ages is written in the eyes of a dog—an innate awareness of joy or suffering, a depth of allegiance far beyond the comprehension or capabilities of man.

A dog is a four-footed clown! He is beauty with awkward, uncertain, in-the-way-paws and an ever swinging pendulum called a tail. He has ears which sag like worn-out slippers when he sleeps and perk up like startled, saucy mice upon intrusion.

A dog can diabolically try your patience with his fiendish way of being under your feet when you're in a hurry or waking at six A.M. on the one morning you may sleep late.

He had long hair, dark gray with a definite mahogany marking. We christened him Coca-Cola (Cokey for short) and he finally accepted it with a great deal of reluctance.

He developed a passion for catnapping among the plants, pushing everything out of his way and entangling himself in more than one pot of ivy. The ivy gradually died, but Cokey thrived, becoming sleek and plump and glowing with spiteful contentment. He took a liking to the kitchen table where he would lay for hours basking in the sun and snarling at the neighbor's dogs running through our back yard.

At night he confiscated the biggest share of my bed and refused to let anyone else share either the room or the bed. I always had the feeling that he let me sleep there only out of a grudging sense of fairness because I was his mistress.

He was completely frustrated when I moved from the upstairs bedroom to one downstairs and nearly wore himself out guarding both rooms. While my brother-in-law was attending law school he and my sister spent several summer vacations with us and were assigned the upstairs guest room, which had been mine. The first night I put him in my room with the door closed while our guests retired. Cokey was nervous but gradually quieted down. The next morning, however, we went rushing upstairs when my brother-in-law gave a loud yell. There sat Cokey on his stomach, spitting and growling and hitting at him with a healthy paw, his eyes burning with the excitement of battle.

Cokey's greatest achievement and one which filled him with undeniable pride was his victory over a visiting Persian who out-weighted him by a good five pounds. The cat belonged to an Army colonel and his wife who visited us one summer. Fluffy was as much of a tyrant in his household as Cokey was in ours. But he came into our home with the firm intention of displaying his very best manners and was received by my "darling" with open hostility. To keep the fur from flying, Col. Anderson returned Fluffy to his traveling cage, we covered our faces with shame, and Cokey took up a defiant stand in the living room and sulked. At bedtime Fluffy was sneaked upstairs and Cokey set up a howl downstairs.

Cokey lived for nearly thirteen years, probably through sheer will power. Many an evening while sitting around a cozy fire our favorite conversations sometimes begin with these words: "Remember the time when Cokey. . . . ? ?"

By Ruth B. Alsobrook

A dog is usually fascinated by old shoes, dead bugs, your best gloves, riding in the car, your lap, and being brushed.

The world may shame you, deceive you, reject you; yet, he will stand proudly by your side. Trouble or loss may grieve you and he will remind you with a sudden wet kiss that here is a friend. When you are alone, when there is no one to talk with, he will lay his head on your knee and listen. In moments of joy, he will instinctively know and revel in your happiness. Surely, God shows us the way everytime a dog comes into our lives.





A satisfied smile crept across his face. . . .

## My Four-Footed Helper

By Bradford E. Brown

THE other night I brought my typewriter home to type up a story. As soon as I set it up, I found that I had a companion. Sitting by my feet was Mopsy, our lion yellow white faced, ten-month-old tom cat. His head followed the carriage back and forth like a spectator at a tennis match. Suddenly he sprang onto the table and viewed the keys with alarm, as his curiosity skyrocketed. Up and back, up and back leapt the keys. Mopsy cautiously poked his little pink nose over the keys. As the key snapped up and the carriage bounced sideways, he jolted back.

For the next few moments he eyed the terrible machine suspiciously. Soon I stopped for a moment to check on a word, the cat once again gathered up his courage and bent over the typewriter. When I resumed my work, he received the start of his young life as the keys creased through his fur, but unconcerned about his nine lives, Mopsy was not dismayed.

Now his dander was up, imagine that thin piece of metal had the audacity to challenge his supremacy in the household.

His pride deeply wounded, Mopsy was determined that this obnoxious intruder be delt with immediately. The next time a key went up, a yellow paw whipped out to stop it. The first try was unsuccessful but Mopsy's curiosity is not easily satisfied. Again and again he boxed at the keys.

Now it became quite a game, but our cat began to get a little hot under the collar as his efforts were all in vain, for the typewriter kept moving. Finally, his patience exhausted, Mopsy defiantly stepped over the typewriter placing his body right over the keys. A satisfied smile crept across his face and his hazel eyes challenged me to try to finish my story. I grudgingly conceded defeat and gently lifted him off.

I placed him on the table and began to type again. Although he had proven his point, the movement of the keys still fascinated him and nothing could induce him to leave his vantage point. Since then, whenever I type I have a four-footed helper, for Mopsy remains captivated by the action of the keys.

## Pious Polly

By Anna E. Edgar

MR. and Mrs. Stebbins were a dear old couple who lived in a mid-western state. This couple had many good habits, among them, the one of going to church every Sunday morning. A perfect attendance winter or summer, rain or shine. The church they attended was about two miles from their home and in those days no one had ever heard of jogging along in any other manner than the old safe and sane horse and buggy. Father would always drive to the church door and carefully unload mother and the children. Then the horse was driven into a particular stall nearby where it was sheltered from the sun and rain.

One Sunday in June, mother Stebbins was ill and could not go to church so her husband decided to remain at home with her. As was his daily custom, Mr. Stebbins went to the barn to care for old Polly, the family's faithful, trustworthy horse. After a brisk rubdown, her mane and tail combed, and a good breakfast of oats, Mr. Stebbins gave her a slap on the back and off Polly trotted.

As she turned to go back to her clean stable, she heard across the fields, clear and sweet, a familiar sound. Up went Polly's head "What was that? Why, of course, the church bell. This is Sunday morning and I must go to church." Off she started, down the road, across the railroad track, past the school house, out into the country with never a stop, headed straight for that place where all right minded people go on Sunday morning.

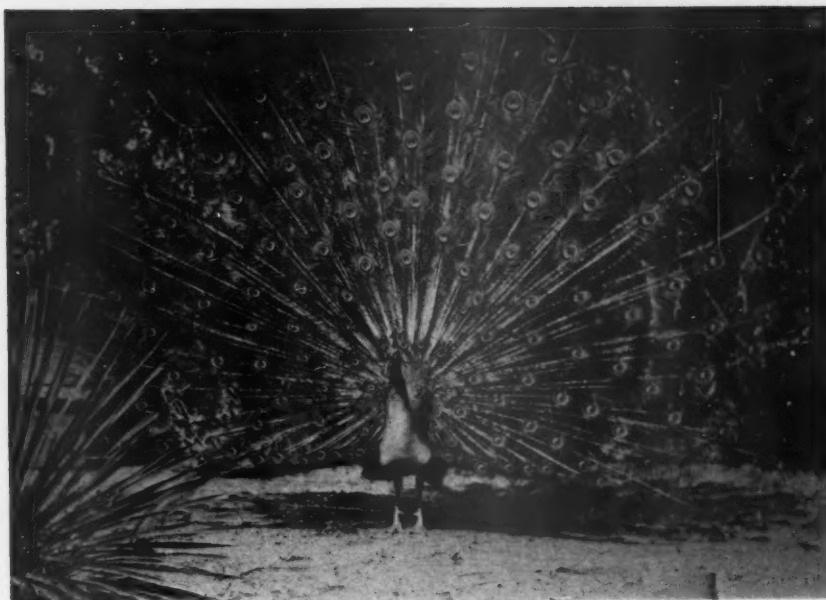
With a sigh of relief she saw the well remembered spot and hastily went into her own place in the stall. Polly calmly waited in her place until church was over. When she heard her neighbors in the next stall leaving, out she came and instead of turning homeward, she started down a road in another direction.

Mr. and Mrs. Stebbins had a daughter who lived on a farm. Every Sunday after church they would drive to her home for a good chicken dinner. Polly knew it was time for refreshments, and who knows but that she smiled happily when she saw the familiar faces and felt the inner satisfaction of a duty well done.



# "Old Wives' Tales"

By Jewell Casey



People of India consider peacocks holy birds and believe they possess magic powers, capable of healing wounds and curing disease.

**W**HETHER we believe them or not, superstitions on different subjects afford an interesting topic of conversation. And it is amusing to know some of the most popular ones.

For countless ages there have been many legends and superstitions connected with birds, for instance:

An OWL'S shriek is supposedly a warning of ill tidings.

For an OWL to hoot is a sign the weather will change.

OWL'S eggs scrambled will cure insanity and drunkenness.

To hear the screech of an OWL in the early morning means the fish will not bite that day.

Cage an OWL and some member of the family will meet with disaster.

To hear a SCREECH OWL is a sign that an enemy is talking about you, but if you'll turn your pockets inside out the owl will hush. And if you'll throw a pinch of salt in the fire this will cause the

backs of your enemies to ache!

For an OWL to be seen in your barn foretells a crop failure.

The people of Europe believe it is a good omen for STORKS to nest on the housetop—no fire will destroy a house whereon storks nest.

In Bohemia STORKS are believed to cause fire. And if a stork settles on the roof of a house, or if twelve storks fly around it, the family residing there believe their house will burn soon.

In Europe, people believe the feathers of a PEACOCK will cause harm to the person who owns them.

In South Africa, the HORNBILL is an object of many superstitions. It is believed if the medicine man kills a HORNBILL and throws it in the river, rain will result. The rain gods send showers to freshen the stream and wash the polluted waters away to the sea.

For a ROOSTER to crow at night is a sign of death.

A ROOSTER looking into a door and crowing is a sign that company is coming.

For a ROOSTER to turn his tail to the door and crow foretells that some member of the household is either going on a long journey, or will die soon.

For a ROBIN to chirp near a house on Christmas Day forewarns an inmate of that house will die before the following Christmas.

A ROBIN entering a house forewarns of an early and severe frost.

To steal a ROBIN'S egg or kill one will incur the loss of the left arm at the Day of Judgment.

The person who hears the first CUCKOO'S song in the spring will have good luck.

To see one MAGPIE is a sign of sorrow, but to see two together means joy.

## More Gifted by Nature Than We Humans Are!

By Clarence M. Lindsay

If we stop to consider  
It's easy to see  
Our dumb friends are often  
More clever than we!  
If we work like a Beaver,  
We're bound to succeed;  
If faithful as Towser,  
We're faithful indeed!

If one-half as gifted  
As Puss, when we roam,  
We'll always be able  
To find our way home!  
If singing we rival  
The gay mocking bird,  
Our songs are the sweetest  
That man ever heard!"

If useful as Bossy,  
Day in and day out,  
That's certainly something  
To feel proud about!  
Yes, our dumb friends are often  
More clever by far;  
More gifted by nature  
Than we humans are!

Society to Animals, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston, has appealed to all animal lovers for discarded blankets and cotton cloth to be used in the cages of the Memorial Animal Hospital. Society officials in the following statement called to our attention that the present supply of blankets and cloth is nearly exhausted, and we find it necessary to replenish our needs if we are to provide maximum care and comfort for the many animals.

Nantucket branch of the society with the long name, The Massachusetts Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

maintained and supported by The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, a non-profit organization, is located on Bear Island, Lake Umbagog, New Hampshire.

were inspected at stockyards, railroad yards, or on investigations, officials reported. There were 17 prosecutions, 14 convictions, and 14,423 ambulances.

Dr. Gerry B. Schell, staff of the Angell Hospital, presented an medal and certificate of honor on behalf of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Dr. H. Hansen was re-elected president; Edward Hansen, vice-president; William A. Swallow, secretary; William H. Potter, Jr., treasurer, and Eunice C. Pickett, assistant treasurer. Directors elected were: Dr. Hansen, Mr. Bolton, Mr. ...

# ANIMALS IN



## "I THINK THAT'S ABOUT THE RIGHT SIZE. . ."

In this "shoe-store" there is only one style, so Old Betsy doesn't have much choice, but she is a pretty satisfied customer, anyway. She has been coming to Hank, her favorite cowboy, to be shod for sixteen years. Hank and Old Betsy live on an Arizona Ranch and they still go for their daily ride through the range. Whenever Old Betsy feels a shoe isn't quite right she nudges Hank over to the "shoe department" and demands service, which is given to her "with a smile" for Hank and Betsy have been companions for many years.

Photo by Arthur Sawter

## AIR CONDITIONING — KANSAS FELINE STYLE

This yellow and white cat pictured in the H. Enns yard, in Inman, Kansas, has his own method of keeping cool in the hot weather. Whenever the garden hose is turned on Cinnamon runs to it and drapes himself over it. With the cold water running through the hose, he has a fine cooling system. Turning this way and that—now on his back, now on his stomach or side—he is able to keep cool all over.

Photo by Enns



...y B. Schelle, chief of the Angell Memorial Society, presented an engraved certificate of merit on the Massachusetts Animal Humane Education Society, whose office is in the same building as the Angell Memorial.

...he speaker for the afternoon, Mr. Albert A. Pollard, director of the American Humane Education Society, whose office is in the same building as the Angell Memorial.

...were presented citations of merit today by the Society for the revention of Cruelty to Animals for their com...

...rescuing... through the ice... March 1... 600... Delamater, 490 Salem street, were presented the awards by Agent Carl Bragner, at the home of the patrolman at 1 p.m.

...sponsored by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and the American Humane Education Society of Boston. Posters will be on display...

...poster contest... which reach our desk monthly is "Our Dumb Animals," produced by the M.S.P.C.A. It is profusely illustrated with appealing pictures of our footed friends...

...to be used Memorial Society of ing'statem to our att supply of nearly dep necessary t we are to and comfort that are br hospitalizati ly true in t where disten and where

# THE NEWS



## MATERNAL INSTINCT PREVAILED

Two normally incompatible creatures, a cat and a rabbit, struck up an unusual relationship at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Officer, of Ridgefield, Washington. Goldie, the cat, became a mother of three kittens and before she knew it she had four offspring to care for. The fourth was an orphan rabbit. Maternal instinct prevailed and Goldie accepted it as one of her own. She nursed it, bathed it and generally made the rabbit one of her family as though she either did not know or did not care if the stranger was an entirely different order of animal.

Photo by Vanity Fair-Columbian



## "I'VE GOT IT! . . ."

And he does. Igor, no doubt has aspirations of becoming an All-Star outfielder before the baseball season is over and if his master Billy Pheene, age 12, of Pasadena, California has anything to say about it, Igor will be a permanent member of the Boxford nine. Igor has substituted for a missing player, now and then, and the boys have discovered that he is a pretty good fielder. There is only one difficulty . . . sometimes Igor takes off with the ball and the game has to be called, due to "circumstances beyond our control." But the dog, a Weimaraner, is learning and no doubt he will soon take his turn in the batting line up.

Photo by Edward P. Jones





Ready for work. Smokey carries her lunch sack.

HER tail droops at the command, "No, Smokey—go back, Smokey," but dutifully, although reluctantly, she turns back to the salvage office.

Smokey, a small curly-haired pooch, has the run of the salvage department of one of the large paper mills in Oregon. When she hopefully starts to follow the men down the street to one of the buildings that house the large paper machines, the command drives her back. She does not know that danger lurks there!

When someone found her near the mill, she was a young dog, showing the broken spirit of bad mistreatment. Her ancestors would be difficult to trace—a bit of Spaniel and shepherd, and one of her remote ancestors could have been a bulldog. Frightened out of all trust of humans—especially women and children—it was some time before she would go near anyone. Hunger, however, drove her to accept

## "Smokey," Mill Dog

By Vera F. Criteser

food the men put out for her. In time, love and attention won her.

To see her sit up at a command to accept a tidbit, monopolize an easy chair in the salvage boss' office, and waggle her tail when spoken to, one would think her a pampered household pet. And she is as pampered and loved as if she were. Several hundred men give her that attention, and choice bits from their lunch pails. Sandwiches of homemade bread are favorites. She claims them as her due.

Two men have taken her home with them, but a regular house with family activities are strange. She was too frightened to leave one man's side. Back at the mill next morning, she barked with joy and ran into the only place that is home to her—back of the counter in the salvage office.

The positions she gets herself into to sleep bring a laugh to visitors in the office. The telephone cord comes up from the floor beside the desk, held upright for a few inches by a metal holder. By squeezing herself up, she can fit into the space between the holder and the side of the desk. Flat on her back, with her feet in the air, she lies snoozing peacefully. Sometimes she hangs one paw in a loop



On the job. Smokey assists Robin Ballou give his orders.

of the cord to rest it.

It is lonely for Smokey on Sunday nights when the shifts are small. Pickings are slim then, too. In spite of her whines and reproachful looks up toward the place where the men congregate to eat and gossip, she has to make do with a few bites from the lone man in the office. In the interests of her figure the short fast is good for her.

Proudly she wears a metal-studded leather collar with her license displayed on it—the gift of some of the office people. Even though she treats most of the women clerks with disdain, they helped to pay for it. A collection from employees paid for shots and spaying.

Smokey is the mill dog, and she knows it. Until old age and obesity catch up with her, she will remain the pet of the mill men.

## We Became Landlords

IT was a warm, sunny Sunday in May, when I asked the man of the house if he would hang our new birdhouse on the big pine tree in the back yard. Our Cub Scout son had made the house, and was justly proud of his handiwork and naturally, we were all anxious to see if it would meet the requirements of our feathered friends.

The man was willing, so, while the boys were sent to find the necessary tools for the job, he set the tall ladder against

the tree. Despite all this extra help, the job was quickly completed.

Only a few hours later, we were surprised to see two tree swallows investigating the little house; we hadn't expected such a quick response.

We sat and watched breathlessly; would the house meet their requirements? The little bluebacked female poked her head in the opening, and to us on the ground, the hole looked too small for her. It wasn't through, for with a flick of her

tail she was suddenly inside, and her mate was poking his head in to see if it met with his lady's approval.

All must have been well, for soon there was great activity as they began the furnishing of their home. Our presence didn't seem to bother them, for often we'd look up as we worked below them and they'd cock their heads in our direction—sort of hi-neighbor-salute.

Sure, we collect rent . . . in happiness as we watch them build their home.

By Mary K. Barron

# The Mystery of Mrs. "Stripes"

By Helen L. Renshaw

**T**HIS is sort of a Cinderella story. Only it happened to a cat. A cat who rode the rails and rose to a place on a fine silk cushion.

It seems that there came to a large company, stocked with pipes and valves and various fittings, a cat. There had been many cats on these premises before, but one by one they came, looked the joint over and quietly slunk away. Why? Not much to eat, for one thing. Plenty of water-front rats for sure, but plenty fierce they were, too.

Well, one day a Great Northern freight shunted to the company's siding and out leaped a cat.

The cat was dirty, its fur in patches, and it was mean and hungry and lean. The company was at that time minus a cat, so out went the word that there was a new cat around.

"Feed him. Make friends with him," advised some of the employees. "We really need a rat catcher."

So they named the cat Stripes for its color. And one by one the employees



*Mrs. Stripes was resting comfortably on a genuine silk cushion.*

brought small tidbits for eating. Fish, a saucer of milk, bits from the Sunday roast. But Stripes bared his teeth. He would have none. When someone said, "Here Kitty . . . nice kitty" and offered to scratch his ears, Stripes hissed. The only food he seemed to go for was rat, and the bigger the better. Besides, he had no use for human friendship.

"A wild cat," they said and shrugged and left him very much alone.

But one employee was stubborn, too. He kept right on bringing all the things any normal cat enjoys . . . liver, fish, cheese. But no sale!

Then it happened. Half-heartedly this cat lover tossed from his own lunch a bit of doughnut. He tossed it in the direction of Stripes . . . and that was it! The cat devoured it. Stripes was a sucker for doughnuts.

And from that day things about Stripes began to change. He took to scrubbing himself continually. He curled up on the desk counter, and even customers were allowed to stroke him. Short orders were sent for from the Reliable Lunch around the corner . . . doughnuts, of course.

So Stripes got sleek and shiny and contented, but he didn't forget his job. No, indeed! Where it seemed in the old days the rats had battled it out with the cat, now they took a look at this new Stripes and fled in terror.

Well, days passed. Then one afternoon an employee took a look at Stripes and saw something unusual was about to happen. He ran for blankets and hot water bottle. And sure enough. In half an hour there were four small Stripes. That did it. They changed Stripes's name to Mrs. Stripes.

So the Employees sent out cards, and customers wrote congratulations. They even sent gifts, and recently Stripes . . . errr . . . Mrs. Stripes was resting comfortably on a genuine silk cushion.

Now here's the mystery. The premises are locked up tighter than a drum. No one's even seen a tom cat about, nor have they ever seen Mrs. Stripes wander off. Who is the Prince Charming? Nobody knows. But does it matter really? Mrs. Stripes is the cat straight off the freight who lived to curl like a princess on a silk cushion. A fairy story for sure!

# International Humane Conference

**D**R. Eric H. Hansen of Boston, president of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and past president of The American Humane Association, Carlton E. Buttrick of Boston, president of the Animal Rescue League of Boston and a director of the AHA, and Rutherford T. Phillips of Den-



Photographed at the entrance to R. S. P. C. A. Headquarters, London, are representatives of the humane movement in the U. S. A. when they met members of the R. S. P. C. A. International and Overseas Committee, on May 23, 1957, to discuss international animal protection.

Left to right: Mr. John Hall (Chief Secretary, R. S. P. C. A.), Mr. Carlton E. Buttrick (President, Animal Rescue League, Boston), Mr. Rutherford T. Phillips (Executive Director, American Humane Association, Denver, Colorado), Dr. Eric H. Hansen (President, Massachusetts S. P. C. A., Boston), The Rt. Hon. Lord Merthyr (Chairman, R. S. P. C. A. Council), Mr. B. P. Howell (Chairman, International and Overseas Committee, R. S. P. C. A. Council), Mr. William A. Swallow (Secretary, Massachusetts S. P. C. A. and Editor, "Our Dumb Animals").



Pictured above are representatives of the humane movement in the U. S. A., when they met members of the R. S. P. C. A. International and Overseas Committee to discuss international animal protection, on May 23, 1957 at R. S. P. C. A. Headquarters, 105 Jermyn Street, London.

Standing, left to right: Dr. R. F. Rattray (R. S. P. C. A. Council Member), Mr. Carlton E. Buttrick (President, Animal Rescue League, Boston), Dr. Eric H. Hansen (President, Massachusetts S. P. C. A., Boston), Mr. B. P. Howell (Chairman, International and Overseas Committee, R. S. P. C. A. Council), Mrs. W. Payne (R. S. P. C. A. Headquarters staff), Mr. D. A. L. Camm (Assistant Secretary, R. S. P. C. A.), Miss H. Hoar (R. S. P. C. A. Headquarters staff), Mr. F. Gravestock (R. S. P. C. A. Headquarters staff), Mr. William A. Swallow (Secretary, Massachusetts S. P. C. A. and Editor of "Our Dumb Animals"), Mr. John Hall (Chief Secretary, R. S. P. C. A.), Mr. W. A. Sibly (R. S. P. C. A. Council Member), Mr. Rutherford T. Phillips (Executive Director, American Humane Association, Denver, Colorado). Sitting, left to right: Miss L. G. Bransom (R. S. P. C. A. Council Member), The Hon. Juliet Gardner (R. S. P. C. A. Council Member), Mrs. W. Longman (R. S. P. C. A. Council Member), The Rt. Hon. Lord Merthyr (Chairman, R. S. P. C. A. Council), Mrs. Wallis Power (Vice-Chairman, R. S. P. C. A. Council), Mrs. Tait (R. S. P. C. A. Council Member), The Rt. Hon. The Viscountess Bertie of Thame (R. S. P. C. A. Council Member).

ver, executive director of the AHA, visited London, England May 20-24 at the invitation of the International and Overseas Committee of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Problems relating to the welfare of animals and the possibility of establishing an international organization for the humane treatment of animals and the prevention of cruelty were considered at the conferences. A joint committee, of which Dr. Hansen was elected co-chairman, has been set up to undertake necessary preliminary work.

The meetings brought about a clarification of the essential differences in terminology, organization, laws, attitudes and geographical areas between Great Britain and the United States. This led to a mutual understanding and respect for the work being done by the agencies on both

sides of the Atlantic. An increase in co-operative efforts will assist materially in bringing about uniformity and improvements in the transport of animals and legislation affecting animals in Great Britain and the United States.

W. A. Swallow, Secretary of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, was in London on his way to Istanbul, Turkey and Fez, Morocco on an inspection trip of the Turkish S. P. C. A., and the American Fondouk of which he is a director and treasurer. He was invited to participate in the committee meetings as a guest.

The brief visit has been most helpful to the committee members and their respective organizations. It will lead to a better handling of humane problems because of the wider exchange of experience and information on an international basis.



# Our Agents Investigate Complaints of Cruelty

*Following are just a few typical examples of complaints received by our Society and how they are followed up by our officers.*

ONE of our agents in the western part of the state received a complaint that in a truck load of cattle the complainant had noted one dead animal. Unfortunately the truck had left the complainant's place before our officer arrived and he tried to locate the truck, but with no success, as it could have taken either of two routes on the way to Rhode Island. He then got in touch with the State Police barracks and about a half hour later received word that the truck had been stopped and would be held for him. Upon arrival, he found that the truck contained nine dairy cows. The truck was not overloaded, but one cow was down. Our agent then called a veterinarian who inspected the cow but was unable to find much wrong except for a few scratches where other cows had stepped on it. The driver claimed that the cows were unloaded the night before and that the cow in question would walk all right, but would lie down as soon as it was loaded on the truck. As the cow could not be allowed

to go on to Rhode Island in its present condition, the veterinarian agreed to have it unloaded at his place. The other cattle were then taken to Rhode Island, the truck to return for the one cow when it was in good condition.

A report was received that an injured dog had been seen near a wooded area. Upon investigation by one of our officers, a dog was located which had evidently been struck by an automobile. The owner could not be found, and the animal was so painfully injured that it was put to sleep and the police was notified.

Upon a complaint from the police department, our agent found that a woman had gone away a week before and left a dog and several cats in the house without food or water. The officer gained entrance to the house and found one of the cats dead and the other in such poor condition that it had to be put to sleep. The dog was put in the care of a neighbor. The owner, located and brought into court, was found guilty of abandoning animals and fined \$25.

One of the Society's agents, during an investigation, found three horses in evident distress. There was no sign of hay or grain on hand. One of the animals was standing in a box six inches deep in manure and water, and the roof was leaking badly. The agent kept vigil until 11 p.m. when the owner of the place returned. He had no feed with him, but claimed that he kept it across the street at a neighbor's. The agent told him to remove the horse from the mud hole and get feed for the animals. The man returned with feed, evidently borrowed from one of his neighbors. He was warned that he should be arrested for such neglect, but the Society would rather see him spend the money he might be fined on caring for the horses and improving conditions. The roof was ordered repaired, the box stall cleaned, and feed purchased. A close check will be kept on the place to see that these orders are carried out and good conditions maintained in the future.

Investigating a report of an injured animal, our agent brought to court a man for cruelly beating this dog. The man was found guilty of cruelty and was fined \$15.00.



Officer John Brown of our Wenham shelter (fourth from the left) is shown presenting our Society's Certificates of Merit to police officers Francis J. Trainor, Peter F. Davoli and James T. McGowan for rescuing a dog from the Merrimac River. The officers formed a human chain and pulled the collie to safety. At the left, one of the officers pats the dripping dog whose grateful owner turned out to be Miss Joan C. Hunt, of Haverhill, Mass.

# YOUNG READER'S

## Dear Young Readers:

August is known to be a hot, humid month. You have, no doubt, heard it named the "dog days month." This is because it is this time of year—the hot summer days—when Sirius, the dog-star, rises. We are going to name it our "extra-puzzle month," because we thought on some hot, old August day you might like to be lazy, but still have fun, by solving the puzzles.

## Bird Puzzle

By Marianne Ketchum

1. Find the words in Orchard Oriole which mean (1) difficult, (2) kind of greens, (3) conjunction, (4) rest of the name of De Janeiro in South America.

## Sound Knowledge

By Alfred I. Tooke

IS your animal knowledge sound enough to fit the following sounds to the creatures that make them? Remember that some animals make several sounds and some sounds are made by several animals. See if you can fit the sounds to the right animals.

1. Howls	like	an owl
2. Croaks	"	a seal
3. Moos	"	a marmot
4. Hoots	"	a cricket
5. Whistles	"	an armadillo
6. Laughs	"	a horse
7. Barks	"	a buck
8. Mews	"	an hyena
9. Snorts	"	a puppy
10. Neighs	"	a lion
11. Trumpets	"	a goose
12. Yelps	"	a goat
13. Squeaks	"	a frog
14. Squeals	"	a cow
15. Screams	"	a grouse
16. Fiddles	"	an elephant
17. Whinnies	"	a chicken
18. Roars	"	a pig
19. Bleats	"	a walrus
20. Honks	"	a wolf
21. Squawks	"	a bull
22. Drums	"	a gull
23. Brays	"	an eagle
24. Troats	"	a donkey

## Animal Mix-Up

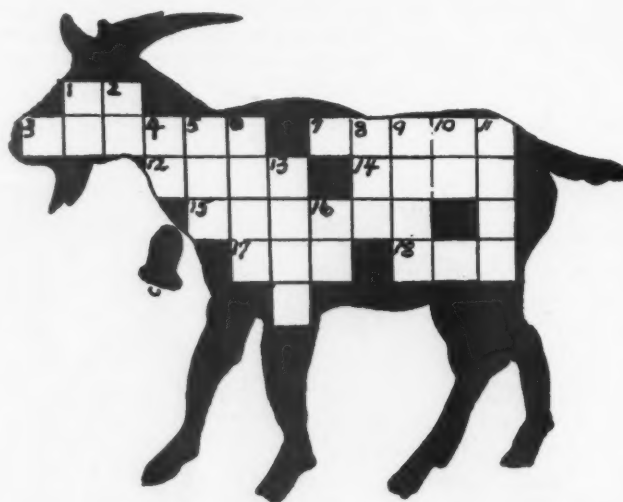
By Ethel R. Adamson

(Try to straighten them out)

1. SHORE
2. NERO'S CHOIR
3. A DOT
4. RAP IT
5. UPPER COIN
6. LINE OVER
7. GO HED HEG
8. READ POL
9. TOGA
10. FIR GAFE

## Goat Crossword

By Violet M. Roberts



### Across

1. Indefinite article
3. Pertaining to the atom
7. Sour citrus fruit
12. Girl's name
14. Not common
15. Cowboy's rope
17. Damp
18. Organ of hearing

### Down

1. Nearby
2. Negative reply
4. Personal pronoun
5. Sick
6. Bird's toe nail
8. Period of time
9. A companion
10. Conjunction
11. Close
13. Defined land surface
16. Neuter pronoun

# PAGES



## "Mitsy", the Faithful Dog

By Judy Noord (Age 12)

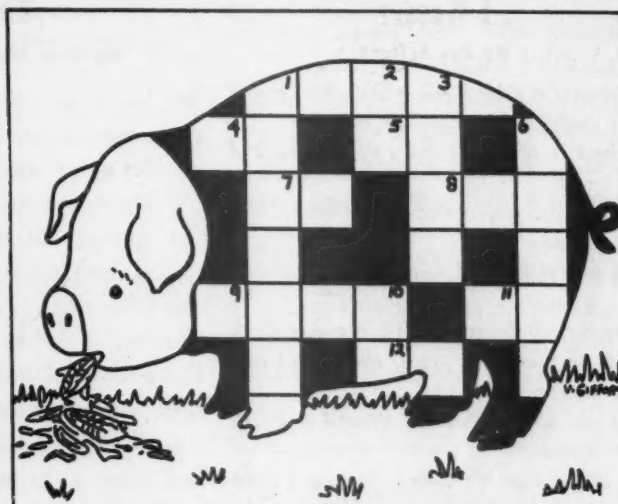
THIS is Mitsy, my lovely, female dog. She is posing prettily, for this picture. Mitsy is a mixture of German shepherd and collie, and is four years old.




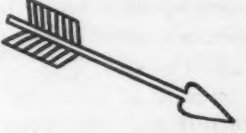

Mitsy is very faithful. She follows me everywhere I go, and if I go in a house, she waits outside, even if I'm gone for hours. One morning I went in a house and came out the side door, completely forgetting about Mitsy. After dinner I received a call saying that she was still waiting for me, and wouldn't leave no matter what they did to her, so I had to go back down to where I left her, and bring her home.

Sometimes I pretend that I have hurt myself, and Mitsy comes over to me, and licks my hands and face, as though to revive me. Then she sits down next to me, and whines until I get up. However, I have done it so often that she now knows I am faking.

Mitsy and I love to play hide-and-go-seek together. We also like to take walks and sleighrides together.

I think Mitsy is the most wonderful dog in the world. I understand what all her movements mean, and she seems to understand me, too. We love each other dearly, and I try not to think how I'll feel when she is gone.



ACROSS	DOWN
1. 	1. 
4. MOTHER.	2. WITHIN.
5. NEGATIVE.	3. 
7. RURAL ROUTE-ABBY.	6. 
8. TO DISFIGURE.	10. TOWARD.
9. 	
11. TO GET A THING DONE.	
12. UPON.	

ANSWERS TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE: Across: 1. an, 3. atomic, 7. lomen, 12. ally, 14. rare, 15. larist, 17. wet, 18. ear. Down: 1. at, 2. no, 4. me, 5. ill, 6. claw, 8. era, 9. mate, 10. or, 11. near, 13. area, 16. H.

ANSWERS TO SOUND KNOWLEDGE: 1-20, 2-13, 3-14, 4-1, 5-3, 6-8, 7-2, 8-22, 9-21, 10-19, 11-16, 12-9, 13-5, 14-18, 15-23, 16-4, 17-6, 18-10, 19-12, 20-11, 21-17, 22-15, 23-24, 24-7.

ANSWERS TO ANIMAL MIX-UP: 1. Horse, 2. Rhinoceros, 3. Toad, 4. Tapir, 5. Porcupine, 6. Wolverine, 7. Hedgehog, 8. Leopard, 9. Goat, 10. Giraffe.

ANSWERS TO BIRD PUZZLE: 1. (1) hard, (2) chord, (3) or, (4) Rio, 2. (1) sty, (2) lack, (3) dust, 3. (1) am, (2) can, (3) can, (4) old, (5) gold, (6) fm.



# Poem-oda (y)

*Sunday . . .*

## **I Wonder**

**By Fr. Sellert**

I wonder if Christ had a little brown dog  
All curly and wooly like mine.  
With two silky ears and a nose round and  
wet  
And two eyes, round and tender, that  
shine.  
I'm sure if He had, that that little brown  
dog  
Knew right from the first He was God.  
That he needed no proofs that Christ was  
divine,  
But just worshipped the ground that He  
trod.  
I'm afraid that He hadn't, because I have  
read  
How He prayed in the garden alone,  
For all of His friends and disciples had  
fled,  
Even Peter, the one called a Stone.  
And oh! I am sure that the little brown  
dog  
With a heart so tender and warm,  
Would never have left Him to suffer  
alone,  
But creeping right under His arm,  
Would have licked those dear fingers in  
agony clasped  
And counting all favors but loss,  
When they took Him away would have  
trotted behind  
And followed Him right to the Cross.

*Monday . . .*

## **The Shape of Things**

**By Jean Corder Soule**

I used to think our house was square.  
I had no qualms about it.  
But since the day our kitten came,  
I find I've cause to doubt it.  
  
One angle that I overlooked  
Has left me much forlorn.  
In all our rooms' the kitten's found  
At least one catty-corner!

*Tuesday . . .*

## **Thrills**

**By Mrs. Mary H. Brown**

We live in an era of thrills  
Of excitement and tingles and chills;  
Flying in skyways,  
Diving in seaways,  
Speeding on throughways,  
Dashing down ski-ways.  
But better than these is to me  
The thrill when the wee chickadee,  
Fluttering down when I step out the door  
With a doughnut and seeds three or four,  
Alights on my hand without fear  
And chirps as he breakfasts, the dear!

*Wednesday . . .*

## **Definition of a Feline**

**By Sharon Rottler**

What is a cat? A flash of fire;  
A glimpse of Life's innate desire  
To be free.  
  
Veiled 'neath the silken, lustful fur,  
The swift steel claws, the rewarding purr  
Of conscious flattery.

*Thursday . . .*

## **An Enigma**

**By Willa Calvert Smith**

She always comes bouncing  
to meet me,  
My dog of affectionate mien;  
But why are her feet wet  
and dirty  
The times that my dress is clean?

*Friday . . .*

## **Spring!**

**By Marie Z. Jelline**

The white snow drops are blossoming  
The birds return to us and sing.  
The bursting buds on bush and tree  
In beauty blush anew to me.  
And from the distant mountain's crown  
The sunlight's gold comes dancing down.  
The lambs play in the field's green rim,  
The cattle rest midst blossom stars.  
The horses run with freedom's zest,  
Within the pasture's fenced-in bars.  
The butterflies are welcoming  
The scent of tassel, fern, and wing  
Of maple, and the bloom that comes  
When wood birds meet with flutes and  
drums.  
Across the spreading meadow's brim  
The bees begin to drone their hymn,  
The spring has come to me, to you,  
In waves of pink, and gold, and blue.

*Saturday . . .*

## **Plea to Parents**

**By Leonora Branch**

If I should skip my morning bath  
'Twould fill my mommy's soul with wrath!  
So won't you grown-ups please provide  
Bird-baths for Feathered Folks outside?

## **Puppy Love**

**By Ronald Logan**

The curbstone was their rendezvous,  
That's where they did their sparking;  
Until a police dog spotted them,  
And broke-up their double parking.

## TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our society is "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequests especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital in Boston, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital in Springfield should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital," as the Hospitals are not incorporated but are the property of that Society and are conducted by it. **FORM OF BEQUEST** follows:

I give to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), the sum of ..... dollars (or, if other property, describe the property.)

The Society's address is 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass. Information and advice will be given gladly.

"Although shelter work is my especial interest rather than pure-bred field, I was delighted with the material in **POPULAR DOGS** . . . looking forward to the next 11 issues."—Mrs. Geo. Bach, Lansdowne, Pa.

### POPULAR DOGS

1 yr., \$3; 2 yrs., \$5

Specializing: Veterinary & Breeding Advice  
2009 Ranstead St., Philadelphia 3, Pa.

## Don't Miss Out

Our brand new 1956 Bound Volume of **OUR DUMB ANIMALS** will be ready for mailing soon. The price for this handsome volume, bound in maroon imitation leather and stamped with gold, is a low, low \$2.25.

Please send check or money order to **OUR DUMB ANIMALS**, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass. Better do it soon; we were sold out early last year!

## PUBLICATIONS

For Sale by the **AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY**  
180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass.

Please enclose remittance with orders. Price includes postage.

Leaflets on the care and feeding of pets.	Each	Hundred*
Care of Canaries	2 cts.	\$1.25
Parrot and Parakeet Book	25 cts.	
Parakeets as Pets	3 cts.	\$2.00
A Loyal Friend	3 cts.	\$2.00
Care of the Dog	5 cts.	\$3.00
Suggestions for Feeding Growing Dogs	10 cts.	\$5.00
Eulogy on the Dog, by Sen. Vest, post card	2 cts.	\$1.25
Cushioned Claws	3 cts.	\$2.00
Care of the Cat	5 cts.	\$3.00
The Beggar Cat, post card	2 cts.	\$1.25
First Aid to Animals	10 cts.	\$5.00
Turtle Cruelty	3 cts.	\$2.00
Care of the Horse	5 cts.	\$3.00

Any of the above leaflets and also the following help teachers to integrate units of work from the world of natural phenomena as a part of the total school program.

Care of the Cat—35mm. black and white filmstrip which comes complete with teacher's manual		\$2.00
Nature Recreation—book by Dr. W. G. Vinal		\$3.50
You and Your Dog—elementary grades	10 cts.	
What Do You Know About Animals?	10 cts.	\$5.00
The Power of Kindness	5 cts.	\$3.00
Ways of Kindness	5 cts.	\$3.00
Cruelty at Eastertime	5 cts.	\$3.00
Pic, Barb and Sword	5 cts.	\$3.00
Nature Study in the Camp Program	5 cts.	\$3.00
Animal Plays—		
The Kindness Train	6 cts. ea., 60 cts. dz.,	\$4.50 per 100
One Morning Long Ago	3 cts. ea., 30 cts. dz.,	\$2.00 per 100

### Supplies for the formation of Junior Humane Societies

Be Kind to Animals blotters	2 cts.	\$1.25
Junior Humane Society pins—dog, cat and bird on red	4 cts.	\$3.60
White Star Band of Mercy pins—on blue ground with gilt letters and border	2 cts.	\$2.00
Be Kind to Animals pins—three styles		
Humane Society, Band of Mercy, S. P. C. A.		
dog, cat, horse, bird on white background	2 cts.	\$2.00
Junior Humane Society—Band of Mercy membership cards	1 ct.	\$1.00

The monthly magazine, "Our Dumb Animals," with pictures, stories, articles and two children's pages—15 cts. a copy, \$1.50 per year.

Samples of the above leaflets and magazine will be sent free upon request.

\* In lots of 500 16-2/3% discount on 100 price

In lots of 1000 33-1/3% discount on 100 price

## Nature Recreation

Dr. William G. Vinal's book, **NATURE RECREATION**, is full of good humane philosophy with regard to the out-of-doors, as well as a program of ideas, and sources for further free or inexpensive materials.

This book will fill the often stated demand of teachers, Junior Humane Societies, Scout leaders, camps and clubs for an inexpensive guide for outdoor activities.

Selling for \$3.50 each, **NATURE RECREATION** may be secured by writing to the Wildlife and Conservation Department, American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass.

## THIS SPACE CONTRIBUTED

RATES OF MEMBERSHIP IN THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A. OR THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY			
Life	\$500.00	Asso. Annual	\$10.00
Sustaining Annual	100.00	Active Annual	5.00
Supporting Annual	50.00	Annual	2.00
Contributing Annual	25.00	Children's	1.00

Since 1832

**J. S. WATERMAN & SONS, Inc.**

**Funeral Service**

**Local—Suburban—Distant**

# To You...

who have sent a subscription of OUR DUMB ANIMALS  
to your favorite library or institution. . . .

*Thank You!!*

# To You...

who have been thinking about sending a subscription to *your*  
local library, hospital, doctor's office or any place where more  
people might enjoy OUR DUMB ANIMALS. . . .

# Here...

is an opportunity for you to become an *Ambassador of Kindness* and  
have others share your enjoyment of the magazine by sending your gift  
subscription where you think it is needed and wanted. Or, if you are not  
a subscriber . . . treat yourself to a subscription on this Special One  
Dollar Subscription Offer. Fill in the blank below and send it to us with  
your check or money order for the number of subscriptions you desire.  
Our special price is good only when accompanied by the blank.

## Special One Dollar Subscription Offer

I enclose my check for \$..... Please send a year's subscription (or sub-  
scriptions) of OUR DUMB ANIMALS to the following:

(Please print or type the following information)

NAME .....

STREET .....

CITY .....

(Additional names may be sent on a separate sheet)

DONOR' NAME .....

STREET .....

CITY .....

OUR DUMB ANIMALS, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass.

**THIS OFFER GOOD UNTIL AUGUST 31, 1957 AND DOES  
NOT APPLY ON RENEWAL SUBSCRIPTIONS**



